



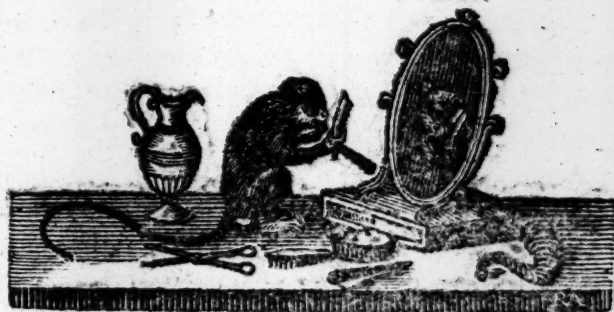
T. S. Good on Southton.



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THE
Banquet of Wit:

CONTAINING
A CHOICE COLLECTION
OF
BON-MOTS, JESTS, REPARTEES,
FOR THE
Amusement of the Fire-side.



—Every Man chuses to be present at the shaving
of his own beard.

STERNE-

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GOSPORT:

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Banquet of Wit.

A QUAKER enquiring after the health of a certain nobleman, was told that he was excessively afflicted with the gravel; I am glad of it, says the quaker.—How! cried the other, glad that his lordship is troubled with the gravel! I tell you, friend, I am glad, replied the quaker, extremely glad; *because I hope, since he so much gravelled, that he will endeavour to mend his ways.*

Three young concieted wits, as they thought themselves, passing along the road near Oxford, met a grave old gentleman, with whom they had a mind to be rudly merry: Good-morrow, father Abraham, said one: Good morrow, father Isaac, said the next: Good-morrow, father Jacob, cried the last. I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob, replied the old gentleman, but Saul, the son of Kish, *who went out to seek his father's asses, and lo! here I have found them.*

A London rider, returning home from a long journey very much fatigued, went to sleep at night, without performing some duties, which his wife thought it necessary and indispensable for him to go through. The next morning, on going into the kitchen, he saw his boots

burning upon the fire and his spurs broke. Upon inquiring into the cause, his wife replied, *Why my dear, what occasion have you for boots or spurs when you have left off riding?*

A gentleman, who generally drank very moderately, was nevertheless sure to return home intoxicated when he had taken a ride on horseback. His lady once took the liberty to remonstrate with him, and told him it was a very *bad habit*. "True my dear, (replied he,) but it is only my *riding habit*."

From an American paper of the date of December 16, we extract the following paragraph:

"*Lost* were it was *dropped*, last night, an *empty* bag, with a *cheese* in it. The bag was *marked* T. D. but the letters were *worn out*.—N. B. The person who *lost* it *never missed* it until it was *gone*; so if any person will bring it to him, he shall be rewarded for his trouble."

A lady going to hear a sermon, met a footman, dress'd like a gentleman, at the chapel door,—“what, (said she,) is the sermon for footman ended?—“Yes madam, (replied he,) but that for w—— is begining, and you are just in time.”

A very reprobate priest, preparing to perform duty for a friend, found great difficulty in putting on the surplice: after bestowing many hearty anathemas upon this awkward garment, he exclaimed, “I think the devil's in the surplice!”—“I think so too,” replied the clerk, as soon as he saw him completely habited.

Says a justice to an old woman—“You keep a rank bawdy house, and I'll *maintain it*.”—Thank your worship, for it is not *half kept*.

A scholar, a bald man, and a barber, travelling together agreed each to watch four hours at night, in turn, for the sake of security : the barber's lot came first, who shaved the scholar's head when asleep, and awaked him when his turn came. The scholar scratching his head, and feeling it bald, exclaimed, "*You wretch of a barber, you have wak'd the bald man instead of me.*"

A very fat man riding through Brentford, a fellow, noted for wit, asked him why he carried his baggage before him, he answered,—"*it is my custom when I come to a town full of thieves.*"

A young lady asked a widow her opinion of matrimony, Oh, madam, answered she, it would be a heavenly life, *if the first night would last always.*

A lawyer meeting a parson on horse-back, with his wife behind him, "well Doctor, (says he,) is the gray mare the better horse, who wears the breeches ;" "My a—," replied the parson.

Beau Nash took a hack one night at Temple Bar, and bade the man drive to Berkly-square. The fellow, who had been wishing for the usual time of his going home, swore, as he was mounting the box, that he should be glad to drive his fare to hell. Do you consider said Nash, when they were come to Berkley-square that if you had driven me to hell as you said just now, you should be glad to do, *You must have gone there yourself.*—You mistake, Sir, replied the fellow, *for I should have backed you in.*

A clergyman on examining some of his parishioners before the sacrament, ask'd one fellow, what he was by nature—" *A poor taylor, Sir,*" said he.

A clergyman said to one of his poor parishioners, "You have lived like a *knave*, and you will die like a *knave*." "Then, (said the poor fellow, *you will bury me like a knave*."

Diogenes, the Cynic philosopher, seeing the son of a common woman throw stones among a croud of people, *Take care young man*, said he, *that you do not hit your father*.

A person waiting for another, lay down under a tree near which a malefactor was hanging in gibbets and fell into a slumber. As it happened, two of the malefactor's old comrades were passing that way, and one of them being in a frolicsome humour, called the dead man by his name and asked if he would not come down and take a walk with them this evening. The dosing person thinking it was his companion that called, replied, *Yes I am coming!* and immediately rose to join them; the thieves, conscious of guilt, and struck with a panic, thought the dead man had really descended from the gibbet, and took to their heels with the speed of greyhounds.

One meeting an old acquaintance whom the world had frowned upon a little, and asked him where he lived? Where I live, said he, I don't know; but I *starve* towards wapping and that way.

A chimney-sweeper in a certain borough town, being one of the last voters at a violent contested election, was strongly pressed by each candidate to honour him with his vote. 'The fellow, who was for some time at a loss to tell which fine gentleman most merited his suffrage, at recollecting that he had often heard of kissing hands amongst the great folks, declared that he would not vote for either, unless they would kiss his hand. One of

them accordingly came forward, and having, in vain, endeavoured to persuade the sweep to dispense with so disagreeable a ceremony, actually saluted his sooty fingers; after which, confidently claiming the expected reward. —No, no, says the chimney-sweeper, I shant vote for you; for I am very sure, he that would *kiss my hand would kiss the minister's a—se.*

It is a well known fact, that our heaven-born Minister was first taught to read by an old woman; and when reading this passage in scripture—*AND MILCAHBORE,* —“aye (says she) *Milk a Boar*; that's right; go on.”

“Where did you learn wisdom?” said Diogenes to a wise man—“From the blind (said he) who try the path with a stick, before they tread on it.

In the late war, a sailor and two of his shipmates wanted to go from Portsmouth to Petersfield; when one staying behind, desired the other two to proceed on foot, while he went and hired a horse. When he came to the livery stables, the ostler brought him out a short-backed light galloway, about fourteen hands high. Zounds, says Jack, this will not do for me? he is too short in the back. Oh, Sir, replies the ostler, he is the better for that. D—n him, he will not do, I tell you; get me a horse with a *longer back*, for I have two more to take up at the turnpike.

A London Taylor, rated to furnish half a man for the City Trained-bands asked how it could possibly be done, was answered,—“by sending four journeymen and an apprentice.

A highlander who sold brooms, went into a barber's shop in Glasgow to get shaved. The barber bought one

of his brooms, and after he had shaved him, asked the price. Two pence, said the highlander, "No, no," said the barber, I'll give you a penny; if that does not satisfy you, take your broom again, and we'll not make a bargain. The highlander took it, and asked what he had to pay." A penny says Strap, "No, by my faith, says Duncan, I'll give you halfpenny, if that does not satisfy you, *put on my beard as it was before* and we'll not make a bargain."

A drunken fellow having sold all his goods to maintain himself at his pot, except his feather bed, at last made away with that too; when being reproved for it by some of his friends; Why, said he, I am very well, thank God, and why *should I keep my bed.*

A servant bringing a tongue into a room let it fall, his master was angry; but on saying—*it was only a slip of the Tongue,*" the answer pleas'd so well that he rewarded him.

On a certain lady's meeting a gentlemen whom she had not seen for some time, asked him if he was married? No, madam, replied he. How extremely well and fresh you look, cried the lady surely you make use of viper broth? on the contrary, madam, said the gentleman the cause I look so well is, *that I am not married,* and consequently *have nothing to do with Vipers.*

King Charles II. being at bowls, and having laid a bowl very near the jack, *my soul to a horse-turd,* says he, *nobody beats that.*—*If you will lay the odds,* says Rochester *I'll take the bet.*

A sailor coming across Blackheath one evening, was stopped by a footpad, who demanded his money, when

a scuffle ensued, the tar took the robber, who meeting some people, who persuaded him to bear away with his prize to the justice of the peace at Woolwich, which the tar did; and when the magistrate came to examine into the assault, he said he must take his oath, that he put him in bodily fear, otherwise he could not commit the man; the sailor looking stedfastly at the justice, answered, *He d—n him, He put me in bodily fear! No, nor any that ever lived: therefore if that is the case, you may let him go, for d—n me if I swear to any such lie.*

A young bride undressing herself unwillingly, and cried, *Well child,* says her mother, *I wish I were to take thy place to night.*

An old lady meeting a Cambridge student, asked him, how her nephew behaved himself? Truly, madam, says he, he is a brave fellow, and sticks close to *Catherine Hall*, (the name of a college there.) I vow, said she, I feared as much; he had always *a hankering after the wenches from a boy.*

A citizen was saying in company, that he had never seen an ear of rye in his life. A young lady then present, whose name was Miss Rye, said, at the same time shewing him one of her ears, Here, sir, is *an ear of Rye*, which, if you please, you may behold. The gentleman immediately caught hold of her ear, and gave her a pinch, Now, madam, said he, you have a *wry face too.*

A dispute having long subsisted in a gentleman's family, between the maid and the coachman, about fetching cream for breakfast; the gentleman one morning called them both before him, that he might hear what they had to say, and decide accordingly. The maid pleaded, that the coachman was lounging about the kitchen the

Best part of the morning, yet he was so ill natured, he would not fetch the cream for her ; notwithstanding he saw she had so much to do, that she had not a moment to spare. The coachman alledged, it was none of his business. Very well, said the master ; but pray what do you call your business ? To take care of the horses, and clean and drive the coach, replied Jehu. You say right, answered the master, and I do not expect you to do more than I hired you for ; but this I insist on, *that every morning before breakfast, you get the coach ready, and drive the maid to the farmer's for milk ; and I hope you will allow that to be a part of your business.*

A girl being hired to a place, remained three or four days without being asked for her written character, upon its being demanded ran up stairs, and brought down a warrant for her having a *bastard*.

A poor fellow, in scotland, creeping through the hedge of an orchard, with an intention to rob it, was seen by the owner, who called out to him, "Sawney ! hoot mon, where are you ganging ?—" *Bock agen,*" says Sawney.

A parish-officer, perambulating his district to take a list of such of the inhabitants as were liable to be drawn for recruiting the militia, saw an old combmaker at work, and thus addressed him, "Pray, honest friend, how old are you ?"—"Not old enough, (answered he,) to be chosen a militia-man ; I am a mere infant—Don't you observe that I am *cutting my teeth* ?

A buck of the town having been kicking up a row, was taken before a justice that was crook backed ; after the witnesses was examined, "What have you to say," replied the justice, "Nothing at all, (replied the buck,) for I see you are *all on one side.*"

A fashionable emigrant was invited on Michaelmas day last to dine with an alderman, in the City, in whose hands he had lodged some money, and was for a long time tormented with extravagant encomiums on a gible pye, which his host was most voraciously devouring. "Have you ever, Mounseer," said Mr. Greenfat, "have you ever seen any thing like it?" "nothing in my life," replied the other, "except your worships hat." "Ha! ha!" exclaims the Alderman, "that's a good one; but pray how is my hat like that pye?" *Par dieu*, rejoined the Frenchman, *because it has a goose's head in it.*

Lady T——asked Mr. Quin, the comedian, if he ever made love? "No, my lady," said the jocular Falstaff, "I always *buy it ready made.*"

When Rabelais lay on his death bed, he could not help jesting at the very last moment; for having received the extreme unction, a friend coming to see him, said, he hoped he was prepared for the next world. Yes, *yes*, answered Rabelais, *I am ready for my journey now, they have just greaced my boots.*

A poor clown losing an eye, by medicines given him to cure it by a quack, went and reproached him for stripping him of his money, threatening him to shew the case to the magistrate. Seraphini in a passion exclaimed, *You scoundrel, would you have two eyes, forsooth, when honest men, nay princes, have no more?* The clown terrified beyond measure, asked pardon, and thought himself lucky to escape with one eye.

A squire travelling on a mule, and coming to a river, where he did not know the ford, cried to a peasant may this river be passed here? The fellow answering yes, and he proceeding at two steps was up to the middle.

You villain, cried he, why did you tell me false? I told you truth, said the clown, *for my ducks, and those of my neighbours, pass there every day.*

A lady being asked, why she married an ugly husband said, *gallants ought to be handsome, but husbands as it pleases God.*

A certain Vicar, of a facetious turn, walking late one evening, meets his curate highly elevated with the juice of the grape; Oh, oh, Mr. Twangum, says the vicar, from whence came you?—Why, I don't know, doctor, says he; I have been *spinning* it out with my neighbour Freepot. Ay, quoth the doctor, and now I perceive after your *spinning* it out, you are finishing the work by *reeling* it home.

When the celebrated doctor Taylor first set up his coach, he consulted with Foote about the choice of a motto. What are your arms? says the wit. Three mallards,, cried the doctor, very good, says Foote, why then the motto I would reccommend to you is, Quack—Quack—Quack.

At the long room at *Bath*, a Lady that effected great modesty, was accidentally seated next to Lady *Vane*; which she no sooner knew, than she edged away from her as far as the room would give her leave, which Lady *Vane* perceiving, said softly to her, *pray Madam, is whoring catching.*

Judge Burnet, son of the famous Bishop of Salisbury when young, is said to have been of a wild and dissipated turn. Being one day found by his father in a very serious humour, “What is the matter with you, Tom?” said the bishop, “What are you ruminating on?” “A

greater work than your Lordship's History of the Reformation," answered the son. "Ay! what is that?" said the father. "The reformation of myself, my Lord," replied the son. *Related to me when a boy, by the celebrated T——n.*

In the action between, the Alexander and the French squadron, a seamen had his leg completely shot off, which fell upon the quarter-deck, near the Admiral Bligh; that officer immediately threw the leg overboard. Some time after Mr. Adams, the purser, went to see the wounded men in the hospital at Brest, among whom was this seaman who had lost his leg. Upon his being asked how he did, he replied, *Bravey the admiral threw my leg overboard, but I was d—d vexed he threw my buckle and shoe along with it, I shall call upon him when we get to England to make reparation for those.*

Dr. Johnson being asked his opinion of the title of a very small volume, remarkable for its copiousness and propensity, replied, "that it was similar to placing an eight-and-forty pounder at the door of a pigsty."

The last moorish King of Grenada, leaving that capital, upon the treaty of surrender between the king Don Ferdinand and him, when he came to a hill not far from the city, stood still, and surveying its splendid towers and delicious fields, now lost for ever, burst into tears, saying, *Would I had died ere this.* His mother who was present, said, *Well may you weep like a woman, for what you could not defend like a man.*

"Half the people in France will be ruined by the expence of rejoicing—every house is open, all the bells ringing—men women, and children, of all denomination, trades and professions, dance, caper, skip, and jig

it about with the agility of Benevento's devil. What with lights and illumination, bonfires, and transparent paintings, rockets, squibs and crackers, and discharges from the artillery, feu-de-joys from the small arms, huzzaing from the nobility, the country looks like hell itself.

Mr. Pitt (afterwards Earl of Chatham), in a debate with Lord Holland, took occasion, with great asperity, to say, that nature had painted in his countenance the signs of a black and treacherous soul, and noticed the pent-house of his sullen eyebrows, his hard and unsocial front, and dark unblushing cheeks. On this Lord Holland arose, and complaining bitterly of the personal abuse; alledged that he could not help his looks, as he had not made himself; and turning round to Mr. Pitt, the honourable gentlemen finds fault with my features, but how would he have me look? Mr. Pitt starting up, replied, "The honourable gentlemen asks me how I would have him look? I would have him look as he ought, if he could; I would have him look as he cannot, if he would; I would have him look like an honest man."——This severe retort threw his antagonist into silent unconquerable confusion.——*Related by the great Earl of C——*

A Lacedemonian was fallen under his enemy in the field of battle, and saw the sword lifted to pierce him in the back.—*Strike me on the breast,* said he, turning briskly about, *that my friends may not blush for me after my death.*

A certain nobleman who used to dangle after Miss Yonge, and one night being behind the scenes, standing with his arms folded in the posture of a desponding lover asked her with a sigh, what was a cure for love? *Your Lordship,* she answered, *is the best cure in the world.*

A Highwayman stopped the Dover Coach between that place and London: and having robbed the inside passengers of all their property, he went to a sailor in the basket and demanded his money, or he'd blow out his brains—The brave tar damn'd his eyes for a son of a b—h and told him he might fire and be damn'd: for he might as well be without brains as without money; so drive on coachey.

A country farmer going across his grounds in the dusk of the evening, espied a young fellow and a lass very busy near a five-bar gate in one of his fields, and calling to them to know what they were about, said the young man, “No harm farmer, we are only going to *prop-a gate*.”

A citizen of London treating about a marriage with a young woman in the country, at last refused her, saying, that she was as yet too green: upon which her father rising up in a passion, cried out, She is riper than you imagine, for she has already had *three children* by our priest's clerk.

A man more tender of his wife than himself, used to make her go to bed first in the winter-time, and calling her his warming pan; which she not well relishing, went according to her usual custom to warm his bed, and left something smoaking in the place: he suddenly leaped into it, and finding himself in a stinking pickle; Wife, said he, I am beshit: No husband said she, it is but a coal dropt out of your warming pan.

A handsome young gentlewoman, of a good family and small fortune, was asked, why she did not apply to be a maid of honor? she answered, because she could not *push for it*.

An Equestrian traveller last week, on his journey to Blackburn, being wet to the skin by an unpolite shower on its cessation, hit upon a very ingenious mode of what he called *drying his linen*, without the delay or expence of any aid from a public-house fire: which was by riding with the *tail* of his shirt between his *teeth*! and in that grinning, delicate state he entered the town, as sapiently as if he had just escaped from the menaces of Dr. Monro.—This is of a piece with the Irishman, who rode bald-headed in a shower, for fear of taking cold by *wetting his wig*.

A journeyman baker, the other day, called upon an old acquaintance of his, a cobbler, in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's, who was just sitting down to a small piece of roasted beef. The baker with great familiarity, seated himself as to eat. "Stop friend, (said the cobbler,) since you won't *bake* for me, I'll be damn'd if I'll *roast* for you," and turned him out of his apartment.

Miss S——, one of the famous Miss H——'s filles-de-joy, in dancing at a masquerade, at Carlisle-house, happened to trip, and fall flat on her back.—Foote, who was in a domino, and near her, stooping to pick her up, said "never mind it, my pretty dear,—practice makes perfect."

One morning I saw through the window of my bedroom, that a large pond, not far off, was, as it were covered with wild ducks; in an instant I took my gun from the corner, ran down stairs, and out in such a hurry, that imprudently I struck my face against the door post; fire light and sparks flew out of my eyes, but it did not prevent my intentions: I soon came within shot, when levelling my piece, I observed to my sorrow, that even the flint had sprung from the cock by the violence of the shock I had just received; there was no time to be

lost. I presently remembered the effect it had upon my eyes, therefore I open'd the pan, levelled my piece against the wild fowls, and my fist against one of my eyes a hearty blow drew sparks again, the shot went off, and I had five brace of ducks, four widgeons, and a couple of teals.

Lord Rochester was invited to dine where there were three priests of different denominations, a Presbyterian, a Protestant, and a Roman Catholic: the first dish was a salmon, with lobster and shrimp sauce; the Roman Catholic helped himself to the head of the fish, saying, *Roma caput ecclesiæ* (Rome is the head of the church.) The Protestant took the middle, saying, *In medio consistit virtus* (in the middle is the virtue.) The Presbyterian took the tail, saying, *Finis coronat opus* (the end crowns the whole.) Rochester seeing all the fish gone, laid hold of the sauce, and sprinkling it over them, said, *In nomine domini ego baptizo vos* (in the name of the Lord I baptize ye all.)

One of the King's soldier's in the civil wars, being full of zeal and liquor, staggered against a church, and clapping the wall of it repeatedly with his hands, hiccupped out, "D—n you, you b—h never fear—I'll stand by you to the last."

One day Socrates, having for a long time endured his wife's brawling, went out of his house and sat down before the door, to rid himself of her impertinence. The woman, enraged to find all her scolding unable to disturb his tranquility, flung the contents of a chamber pot on his head. Those that happened to see it, laughed heartily at poor Socrates; but that philosopher told them, smiling, "I thought, indeed, after so much thunder we should have rain."

A young lady having been lately married, on seeing her husband about to rise pretty early in the morning, said What my dear, are you getting up already? Pray lie a little longer, and rest yourself. No, my dear, replied the husband, I'll get up and rest myself.

On the first of May, 1782, when debates ran high against the influence of the crown, and the patriots insisted much on the majesty of the people, George Selwyn, happening with some friends to meet a party of chimney-sweepers' boys decorated with gilt paper, and other ludicrous ornaments, exclaimed, "I have often heard of the majesty of the people, but never before had the pleasure of seeing any of the young princes.

One Collins was stopped in Red Lion-Street, Clerkenwell, with four hogs that he stole. He attempted to make his escape, but running into a court, through which there was no passage, he was taken and lodged in Clerkenwell Bridewell. "Damn it," said he as he entered, "I have brought my hogs to a fine market."

A soldier was bragging before Julius Cæsar, of the wounds he had received in his face, Cæsar knowing him to be a coward, said, he had best take heed, the next time he ran away, how he looked back.

Nathaniel Monks the famous cock-fighter, being on a Sunday at Dean church, near bolton, Lancashire, and falling asleep in the middle of the sermon, the beadle tapped him on the shoulder, when Monks, then in a dream, rose up, and exclaimed "*Black Cock for ever,*" which so disconcerted the clergyman, and excited the laughter of the congregation, that it was some time before the former could proceed in his discourse, or the latter become silent to hear him,

Two Irish porters happening to meet in Dame-street, Dublin, one says to the other, "Mac Shane, how are you, my dear creature?"—"Why upon my soul, I hardly know, but pretty tightish, as the times go."—"Pray have you seen our old friend Pat Murphy lately?"—"No, by Jasus, (replied he) and I am very much afraid *I shall never see him again.*"—"How so?"—"Why he has met with a very unfortunate accident lately."—"What the devil was it?" enquires Mac Shane, "Nothing more than this my dear: as he was standing on a *plank*, talking devoutly to a priest, at a place in London, which I think they call the Old Baily, the *plank* suddenly gave way, and, by the Holy Jasus, Murphy got his neck broke!"

Some Dutchman conversing in a bookseller's shop at Leyden, an unknown German came in, upon which one of them exclaimed, "Why is Saul among the prophets? The German retorted, *He is seeking his father's asses.*

The late Dr. Cheyne and Dr. Tadlow were exceedingly corpulent; but the last was by much the largest. Cheyne, coming into the coffee-house one morning, and observing Tadlow alone and pensive, asked him what had occasioned his melancholy? Cheyne, says he, I have a very serious thought come athwart me, I am considering how the people will be able to get you and I to the grave when we die. Why says Cheyne, *six or eight stout fellows may take me there at once; but it is certain that you must be carried twice.*

It was upon the above Tadlow, that the following Epigram was written:

When Tadlow walks the street, the paviors cry,
God bless you, Sir!—and lay their *rains* by.

A Gentleman calling for some small beer at a friends table, and finding it very flat, gave it back to the servant without drinking. What ! said the master of the house, don't you like the beer ? it is not to be found fault with. No, answered the other, we should never speak ill of the dead,

A beggar going to a barber's shop asked to be shaved for the love of God. The barber consented, but used so blunt a razor that every stroke brought tears into the man's eyes. When the beggar was going away, a dog that had been whipped in the kitchen ran into the shop with many cries. *Ah ! poor dog*, said the beggar, *what has happened to you ? Have you also been shaved for the love of God ?*

A rich man sent to call a physician for a slight disorder he had suffered the preceeding night. The physician felt his pulse and said, Sir do you eat well ? Yes, said the patient. Do you sleep well ? I do. Then, said the physician, *I shall give you something to take away all that.*

A man went to borrow an ass of a neighbour, who said the ass was from home. Meanwhile the animal chanced to bray, upon which the borrower exclaimed, Did not you tell me the ass was abroad ? The other replied in a passion, *Will you prefer the asses word to mine ?*

A physician went to visit a young lady, daughter of a nobleman. Desiring her arm to feel her pulse, the damsel, from pride, covered the place with the sleeve of her shift. The physician also drew down his coat sleeve, and app'ying it, said, *A linen pulse must have a woollen physician.*

Dr. Sheridan, the celebrated friend of Swift, had a custom of ringing his scholars to prayers in the school-room, at a certain hour, every day.—The boys were one day very devoutly at prayers, except one, who was stifling a laugh as well as he could, which arose from seeing a rat descending from the bell-rope into the room. The poor boy could hold out no longer, but burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which caused the others to be guilty of the same misdemeanor, when he pointed to the object of his risibility. Sheridan was so provoked that he declared he would whip them all, if the principal culprit was not pointed out to him; which was immediately done. The poor pupil of Momus was immediately hoisted, and his posteriors laid bare to the rod, when the witty school-master told him, if he said any thing tolerable on the occasion, as he looked on him as the greatest dunce in his school, he would forgive him. The trembling culprit, with very little hesitation addressed his master with the following beautiful distich :

There was a rat—for want of stairs,
Came down a rope—to go to prayer's.

Sheridan instantly dropped the rod, and, instead of a whipping, gave him half-a-crown.

King James I. mounting a horse that was unruly, cried, "The deel tak my saul, sirrah, an ye be na quiet, I'll send ye to the Five Hundred Kings in the house o' Commons. They'll sune tame ye."

A gentlemen meeting the King's Jester, ask'd what news? Why, Sir, replied he, there are forty thousand men risen to day. I pray to what end, said the other and what do they intend? *Why to lay down again at night.*

A labourer intending to bind his son apprentice to a butcher, asked a gentleman of the village, his friend, to whom he should put him. He replied, *You had best bind him to the physician, for he is the best butcher I know.*

A woman desired of her husband some money to buy her a piece of broad silver and gold lace, to lay on her petticoat. To which he answered, No ; for said he, for once make you a gold finch, and you will prove a wag-tail all your life after.

A bad painter who had never produced any thing worth seeing, went to another place and commenced physician . A person who knew him, meeting him, there, asked the reason of this change, *Because,* said he, *if I now commit faults the earth covers them.*

A certain bishop had a Biscyan man servant, whom he ordered one festival to go to a butcher, who was called David, for a piece of meat ; and then to come to church where the bishop was to preach. The bishop, in his sermon, bringing authorities from scriptures in this manner, *Isaiah says thus, Jeremiah says thus ;* at last happening to turn towards the door, as his servant came in, went on, *And what says David ?* Upon which the Biscyan roared out, *He swears to God, that if you do not pay your bill you need never send to his shop again.*

The late Duke of Cumberland was a remarkably fine boy, but very sullen. The late Queen, his mother, being angry with him one day, ordered him to his chamber. Soon after he returned, and the Queen asked him what he had been doing. "Reading the New Testament," answered he peevishly. "What part ?" says the Queen. He replied, where it is said, *Woman why troublest thou me ?*

A great crowd being gather'd about a poor cobbler, who had just died in the street, a man asked the watchman, what was to be seen? Only a cobblers end, replied he.

A clown in Berkshire, employed to draw timber from a wood, met with an oak trunk of so large a size, that the tackle he made use of to place it on the carriage broke twice on the trial. Hodge flung his hat on the ground, and scratching his head, with much vexation, exclaimed, "Damn the hogs that didn't eat thee when thee was an acorn, and then I shouldn't have had this trouble with thee."

A linen draper being asked by a woman, how much would be sufficient to make a shift, told her, if she was a reasonable woman, she might make a shift with one yard.

It happened one Sunday, during the last summer, while the weather was extremely hot, the windows of a certain parish-church, in the diocese of Gloucester, were set open to admit more air, while the congregation were assembled for divine service. Just as the clergyman was beginning his weekly discourse, (who by the bye, is not much celebrated for his oratorical powers) a jack-ass which had been grazing in the church-yard, popped his head in at the window, and began braying with all his might, as if in opposition to the reverend preacher. On this, a wag was present immediately got up from his seat; and with great gravity of countenance exclaimed, One at a time *gentlemen*, if you please. The whole congregation set up a loud laugh; when the jack-ass took fright, and gave up the contest; though from the clergyman's chagrin and confusion, he would not have been the worst orator.

As a tinker was crying for work, one asked him, why he did not stop the two holes in the pillory? Says the tinker, if you will lend me your head and ears, I'll lend you hammer and nails and give you the work into the bargain.

A smart fellow, thinking to shew his wit one night at a tavern, called to the drawer, here mercury, said he, take away this bottle full of emptiness. Said one of the company, do you speak that, Jack, of your own head.

An Oxford scholar, who piqued himself upon being a wag, was accosted on the road to London, by a person who asked him which was the way to Tyburn? *Why,* replied the Oxonian, *the nearest way you can take, is to stop the first person you meet, and demand his money!*—Are you sure of that? replied the traveller, then drawing a pistol out of his pocket, *as I am for expedition, your money this instant.* The Oxonian submitted to his demand, and paid six guineas for his joke.

A very harmless Irishman eating an apple-pye with some quinces in it; arrah, my dear honey, said he, if a few of these quinces give such flavour, how would an apple pye taste made all of quinces.

An Irish officer being one night in company with several who belonged to the same corps, one of them in a joking way said, he would lay a dozen of claret that the Irishman made a bull before the evening was over; Done says pat; the wager was laid, and, by way of bothering him, asked how many bulls there were in that town? Five, said Pat; Where do you make them out, said the other. Faith, said Patrick, there is the Black Bull in the Market-place, and the Red Bull over

way ; then there's the Pied Bull just by the bridge, and the White Bull at the corner ; they are but four, said the other ; Why, arrah, says he, there's the Dun Cow in the Butcher-row ; that's a BULL, said the other ; by Jasus says Pat, then I have won the wager, for you have made it a BULL, and not me.

A man that had but one eye, met early in the morning one that had a crooked back, and said to him, *Friend you are loaded betimes.* It is early indeed, replied the other, *for you have but one of your windows open.*

All the teeth of a certain talkative lady being loose, she asked a physician the cause of it ; who told her, "It proceeded from the violent shocks she gave them with her tongue."

A gentleman meeting with his godson, asked him whither he was going ? To school, replies the boy. That's well, said he, there six pence for you : follow thy learning apace ; *I may live to see thee preach my funeral sermon.*

While a scholar was blowing his fire, the nose of his bellows dropt off : I see indeed, says he, it's cold weather, for the nose of the very bellows drops.

A scholar being so fuddled, that he could not unlock his door, complained to the governor, that somebody had stolen away his key-hole.

Some gentlemen coming out of a tavern pretty merry a link-boy cried, have a light, gentlemen ? light yourself to the devil, you dog, says one of the company. *Bless you master* replied the boy, *I can find the way in the dark—Shall I light your worship thither.*

An honest Jack Tar being at a Quakers meeting, heard the friend that was holding forth, speak with great emotion against the ill consequence of giving the lie in conversation, and therefore, he advised, when a man was telling a tale, that was not consistent with truth or probability, to cry *twang*, which would not irritate the person as the lie would. After digressing into the story of the great miracle of five thousand being fed with five loaves of bread, &c. he told them that they were not such loaves as are used now, but as big as a mountain; on the hearing of which, the tar uttered with a loud voice, *twang*; what says the Quaker, dost thou think I lie, friend? No says Jack, but I am thinking *how big the ovens were* that baked them.

A booby of a country squire, who made an honest woman of his father's chambermaid bolted into the room when she was in labour, and blubbering over her with great tenderness, sobbed out, that he was sorry she felt so much pain on his account.—Don't make thyself uneasy, love, said the wife, I can't bear to see the fret, for I am sure it was *not thy fault*.

A young gentleman, informed by a bill on a window of a house that apartments were to be let, knocked at the door, and, attended by a pretty female, took a survey of the premises. "Pray, my dear, said the gentleman smiling, are you to be *let* with these lodgings?"—No, replied the charming fille de chambre, I am to be *let* alone.

Two girls of Whitechapel, disputing about precedence, one the daughter of a gentleman of small fortune. You are to consider miss, said the brewer's daughter, that my papa keeps a coach. Very true, madam, said the other, and you are to consider that he likewise keeps a *dray*.

An Indian chief being asked his opinion of a cask of Madeira wine, presented to him by an officer in the Company's service, he said, he thought it a juice extracted from womens tongues and lions hearts; for after he had drank a bottle of it, he said, *he could talk for ever and fight the devil.*

An Irishman being in company, was joked on the inaccuracy of their talk and their frequent blunders in conversation: to which he replied, he thought the pope had misplaced their tongue as well as their legs, *which were usually thick at bottom.*

A Roman Catholic gentleman went a partridge shooting along with a Protestant neighbour of his on his fast-day; they were driven about noon, by a thunder-storm, to a little public-house, where they could get nothing to eat but some bacon and eggs. The good Catholic had a tender conscience, and would eat nothing but eggs; the Protestant, his companion, who was one of your good sort of people, said, there could be no harm in his eating a bit of bacon with his eggs; that bacon could not be called flesh; that it was no more than a red-herring; it is fish, as one may say. So the Catholic took a bit of Bacon with his eggs; But just as he had put it into his mouth, there came a most tremendous clap of thunder: upon which the poor Catholic slipped it down upon his plate again, muttering to himself—*What a noise here is about a bit of bacon!*

Dr. Brown, chaplin to the Bishop of Hereford dining one day with his lordship, in company with a young lady to whom he paid his addresses, was asked for his toast after dinner: when the bishop, perceiving him to hesitate, cried—*O I beg your pardon, doctor, your toast is not yet Brown.*

A lady asked an Irish gentleman how he liked Vestris the dancer. Upon my shoul, said the Hibernian, I think he *handles his legs bravely*.

A rider to a capital house in Watlin-street, being on a journey, was attacked a few miles beyond Winchester, by a single highwayman, who taking him by surprise, robbed him of his purse and pocket book, containing cash and notes to a considerable amount. Sir, (said the rider with great presence of mind, I have suffered you to take my property, and you are very welcome to it: It is my master's, and the loss cannot do him much harm: but as it will look very cowardly in me to have been robbed without making any resistance, I should take it kind in you just to fire a pistol through my hat. With all my heart (said the highwayman,) whereabout will you have the ball?—Here, said the rider, just by the side of the button—The unthinking highwayman was as good as his word; *but the moment he fired, the rider knocked him off his horse*, and with the assistance of a traveller, who just at that time arrived, lodged the highwayman in Winchester Goal.

When the celebrated Beau Nash was ill, Dr. Cheyne wrote a prescription for him. The next day the doctor coming to see his patient, enquired if he had followed his prescription? No faith Doctor, said Nash, if I had I should have broke my neck, *for I threw it out of two pair of stairs window*.

A gentleman had lately occasion to call on an acquaintance, and enquiring of an Irish servant if his master was at home, was told that he was not. "When will he return?" said the gentleman. "By J—s said Teague, when my master gives orders to say *that he is not at home*, it is impossible to say when he will return.

A gentleman having some company to dinner, one of them cried out, Lord bless me, I have forgot my laced waistcoat ! The master of the house told him there was no need of any apology, for he was very well dressed — You mistake me, replied the guest, I do not mean a gold laced waistcoat, but my waistcoat with a *lace behind*.

A judge asked a man what age he was—I am eight and fourscore, my Lord, says he,—“and why not fourscore and eight,” says the judge—“Because (says he) I was *eight* before I was *fourscore*.”

A man being surprised in picking a pocket, it was resolved to proceed against him in a summary way ; a counsellor was allotted to the prisoner, who, taking him aside, said “is it true you picked the pocket,” “It is true,” said the pick-pocket. “Hush, (said the counsel,) the best advice I can give you is to run away.” The robber profited by his advice : the counsel returned to the bar, and was asked what he had to say in behalf of the prisoner—“Gentlemen, (answered he,) the wretch confess’d to me his crime, and as he was not guarded, and I was nam’d to give him my best advice, so I advis’d him to run away.”

As a poor man was passing through Smithfield, who could hardly walk, he was stopped by a young man, who jeeringly offered to carry him. No, replied the old man, I shall buy an *ass* to morrow.

A plain country yeoman bringing his daughter to town, said, for all she was brought up altogether in the country, she was a girl of sense. Yes, says a pretty young female in company, *Country sense*. Why faith, madam, says the fellow, *country-sense* is better sometimes than *London impudence*.

Two Irish labourers being at the execution of the malefactors on the new scaffold before Newgate, one said to the other—*arraah Pat, now ! but is there any difference between being hanged here and being hang in chains !*—*No honey !* replied he, *no great difference ; only one hangs about an hour, and the other hangs all the days of his life.*

Says a wag to the Finsbury bookseller, you sell your *head* for six-pence : but pray where's the *brains*.

An officer in the English service going on the expedition against the Americans at Bunker's-hill, gave orders to his taylor to make him a suit of cloaths, and to put within side the lining of his waistcoat, *a plate of brass*, as a shield from the enemy ; which the taylor, through a lucky mistake, placed in the inside of the lining of the breeches ; the officer being directly after led on to battle, a percipitate retreat immediately ensued and being closely pursued by the enemy, endeavoured to make his escape by jumping over a hedge, which one of the enemy perceiving, thrust the bayonet in his tail, as he thought, and pushed him over. The enemy then left him. When he got safe to camp, he could not but extol the taylor's conduct, *who knew where his heart lay better than himself.*

An alehouse-girl took it into her head to be catechised at church. The parson asked her her name ? Lord, Sir, said she, how can you pretend not to know my name, when you come to our house so often, and cry ten times in an evening, *Nan, you whore, bring us another full pot.*

A farmer, who had a very great name in the country for his dexterity in manly exercises, such as wrestling,

throwing the bar, and the like, drew upon himself many occasions to try his skill, with such as came far and near to challenge him : among the rest a conceited fellow rode a great way to visit this champion ; and being told that he was in his ground behind the house, he alighted, and walked with his horse in his hand, till he came where he found him at work ; so hanging his horse upon the pails, he accosted him thus : That having heard much of his fame, he was come forty miles to try a fall with him. The champion without ado, came up to him, and closing with him, took him on such an advantageous lock, that he pitched him clear over the pails ; and with a great deal of unconcern, took up his spade, and fell to work again : the fellow getting upon his legs again as nimble as he could, called to speak to him. Well, says the champion, have you any more to say to me ? No, no, replied the fellow, only to desire you would be so kind as to *throw my horse after me.*

A lawyer and a physician having a dispute about precedence, referred it to Diogenes, who gave it in favor of the lawyer, in these terms : *Let the thief go before and the executioner follow.*

Mrs. S——was quite intent upon a book she was reading. Lucy was combing her hair. Tom stepped lightly forward, and clasping Lucy's bosom with both his hands kissed her heartily. At this instant Mrs. S——'s eye glanced at the looking-glass, and caught the transaction. Her bosom panted and swelled—with indignation to be sure—the pin flew from her dressing gown. Tom saw by reflection, two globes that infinitely excelled those which Lord M'Cartney is carrying to China. Lucy was soon dismissed, and Tom promoted to the happiness of frizzing, twirling, oiling, and dividing his lady's hairs.

A very ignorant person, but extremely foppish young fellow, going into a bookseller's shop with a relation, who went there to buy something he wanted, seeing his cousin look into a particular book and smile, asked him, what there was in that book to make him smile?—Why, answered the other this book is dedicated to you cousin Jack : Is it so ? says he, pray let me see it ; for I never knew before that I had such an honour done to me. Upon which, taking it into his hands, he found it to be Perkin's Catechism, dedicated to all ignorant persons.

A poet was going over Lincoln's-inn-fields, one who pretended himself a maimed soldier, begged an alms of him. The Poet asked him by what authority he went a begging? Sir, said the soldier, I have a licence: A licence! said the poet, lice I conceive thou may'st have, but sense thou hast none, to beg money of a poet.

One being at a sermon, when a dry empty fellow preached most of his auditors out of the church, said, *he made a very moving sermon.*

A friar preaching a very dull sermon on happiness, a lady, who saw him next day, told him he had forgot one sort of happiness, *Happy are they who did not hear your sermon.*

A couple of Irishmen, from the county of Kilkenny, meeting together, one had got lately married, Arrah, says the first, and how d'ye, and so you are after being married. Yes, faith, says the other, this eight weeks or two months. Ay, faith, says Patrick, 'twash fery unkindly done of you, not to invite me to the wedding after it was over, that I might ha' been after throwing

the stocking: well, now, and what sort of a wife have you got? for, upon my shoul, I shall never recover my surprise, if you do not tell me, and what sort of a family you're after getting? Why, Patrick, says Conno, *you know I am coal white, and she is coal black, and all our family is like to be pye balls.*

Leo, the Byzantine sophist, came to Athens to persuade the people to concord. Being a little fat personage, with a portly belly, he no sooner mounted the rostrum than a loud and universal laugh ensued. But he, nothing moved, taking advantage of the incident, said "Why do you laugh, men of Athens? My wife is yet fatter than me." A louder laugh arose. But he proceeded, "Now, fat as we are, and large, one bed easily holds us when at concord; but when variances arises, the whole house cannot contain us."

On the revival of *Shakespeare's Twelfth Night*, the piece received little applause till the following lines were delivered:

—She never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
Prey on her damask cheek. She pin'd in thought;
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.———

Here the whole theatre burst into applause; but a gentleman from *Oxford* was observed to stand up and clap after all the rest had done; upon which a nobleman in the boxes called aloud to know what he meant by that sort of behaviour. Why you clapped the piece, my Lord, says the oxonian, and I clap the audience for discovering so much true taste and judgment.

A wench complained to a justice, that Mr. Shuter would have *refreshed her*; Thou meanest, *ravished* said the justice. Yes, Sir, said she, I meant so indeed. I warrant, replies the justice, this rogue has ravished thee many a time before now! Yes, Sir, said she (to aggravate the matter) *twenty times at least*.

A gentleman being under the hands of a political barber who was shaving his head, the tonsor was giving him an account of the seat of late war in America, and describing General Provost's situation before Charles-Town. The barber growing rather tedious, and talking too much, the gentleman told him that he hoped he was *not drawing a map of the country on his head with a razor*.

A very ingenious man was walking along *Cheapside*, whom a hectoring blade meeting, thrust him from the wall, saying, he did not chuse to give every saucy jack-anapes the wall: *But I do*, said the gentleman; and so passed on.

When Lieutenant O'Brien, who was afterwards called Sky-Rocket Jack, was blown up at Spithead, in the Edgar, and was saved on the carriage of a gun; and when brought to the Admiral, all black and wet, he said, with much pleasantry, I hope, sir, you will excuse my dirty appearance, *for I came out of the ship in such a hurry, that I had not time to shift myself*.

As a press-gang, during the last war, were patrolling round Smithfield, they laid old of a man tolerably well dressed; who pleaded, that being a gentleman, he was not liable to be impressed: Haul him along, cries one of the tars: he is the very man we want; *we press a damn number of blackguards, and are cursedly at a loss for a gentleman to teach them good manners*.

Henry IV. of France reading the following ostentatious inscription on the monument of a *Spanish* officer; Here lies the body of *Don, &c. &c. who never knew what fear was.* Then says the King, he never snuffed a candle with his fingers.

A gentleman sent for his carpenter's servant, to knock a nail or two in his study; after the fellow had done, he scratched his ears, and said, he hoped the gentleman would give him something to make him drink, Make you drink! says the gentleman: There's a pickled herring for you; if that wont make you drink, I'll give you another.

Sir Walter Raleigh, one day smoaking in his study, inadvertently called to his man to bring him a tankard of small beer; when the fellow entered the room, he threw all the liquor in his master's face, and running down stairs, bawled out, fire! fire! *Sir Walter* has studied till his head is on fire, and the smoke bursts out of his mouth and nose.

The Hungarians, who had conspired against *Sigismundus*, having entered his palace with design to kill him, the emperor perceived them, and ran to them with a dagger in his hand: Which of you, said he to them, will be so insolent as to offer me violence? What have I done that deserve death? If any one designs to strike me, let him come forward, I will defend myself.—This bold and resolute speech frightened the conspirators to that degree, that they ran away at that very instance.

When *Swift* was a young man, and by no means known in the literary world, he happened to be standing in a careless manner, with his back to the fire, at *Old Slaughter's* coffee house; a gentleman just opposite to

him, who was superscribing a letter, seeing a raw-boned awkward fellow rather engross the fire, calls out, *Pray young man, have you got any sand about you ?* No, friend, says Swift, *but I have got some gravel*, and if you will give me your letter, *I will piss upon it directly.*

One being at his wife's funeral, and the bearers going pretty quick along, he cried out to them, do not go so fast what need we make a toil of a *pleasure.*

A humourist asked a citizen the other day, whether *he would sooner kiss a pretty girl, or partake of a good feast ?* The citizen honestly replied, that he would prefer the latter. To which the wag rejoined, *I never thought you a man of the ton before, but I now find that you have more taste than feeling.*

A cardinal, highly in the confidence of Pope Alexander the Sixth, told him one day, that it would be expedient to banish the physicians out of Rome, for they were entirely useless. No, says the Pope, they are quite the reverse ; for without them the *world would increase so fast, that one could not live by another.*

A philosopher and a wit were crossing from Harwich to Holland, and a high swell arising, the philosopher seemed under great apprehensions lest he should go to the bottom.—*Why* observed the wit, *that will suit your genius to a tittle ; as for my part, you know I am only skimming the surface of things.*

A certain Chancellor sitting on the judgment-seat to hear criminal causes, kept always one of his ears stopt, while the accuser was pleading ; and being asked the reason—I keep, said he, *the other ear to hear the party accused.*

Mr. Pope, who notwithstanding his diminutive and misshapen figure, was not a little vain of his person, having asked Swift, what people thought of him in Ireland: *Why, said Swift, they think you are a very little man, but a very great poet.*—Pope retorted with some acrimony.—*They think the very reverse of you in England.*

Alexander the Great, seeing Diogenes, who was looking attentively at a large collection of human bones, piled one upon another, asked the philosopher what he was looking for? *I am searching, says Diogenes, for the bones of your father, but I cannot distinguish them from those of his slaves.*

The Roman Catholicks made a sacrament of matrimony, and the consequence of that notion, pretended that it concerned grace: The protestant divines do not carry matters so high, but say, this ought to be understood in a qualified sense: and that marriage so far confers grace, as that, generally speaking, it *brings repentance*, which every body knows is one step towards grace.

An Irish Counsellor having lost his cause, which had been tried before three Judges, one of whom was esteemed a very able lawyer, and the other two but indifferent, some of the other counsellors were very merry on the occasion. Well, now, says he, who the devil could help in, when there was an hundred Judges on the bench? An hundred! said a stander-by, there were but three.—By St. Patrick, replies he, *there was a figure of one and two cyphers.*

A old Roman soldier being involved in a law suit, implored the protection of Augustus; who referred him to one of his courtiers, for an introduction to the judges. On which the brave veteran, picqued at the

emperor's coolness, exclaimed—*I did not use your highness thus, when you was in danger at the battle of Actium; but fought for you myself!* disclosing, at the same time, several wounds he had received on that memorable occasion. The retort so affected Augustus, that he is said to have personally pleaded the soldier's cause.

During the time of the attack on Sullivan's Island, General Lee was one day reconnoitering the communication made by the bridge of boats between that place and the continent. As the balls whistled about in abundance, he observed one of his aid-de-camps, a very young man, to shrink every now and then, and by the motion of his body, wished to evade, if possible, the shot. 'Death, Sir, cried Lee, what do you mean? Do you dodge? Do you know that the King of Prussia lost about an hundred aid-de-camps in one campaign? So I understand, Sir, replied the young officer; *but I did not think you could spare quite so many.*

Shuter was one day at dinner in a promiscuous company, and as soon as the cloth was taken away, one of them got up, and entreated, as a particular favour, he would begin to be comical. Gad, said Shuter, *I forgot my fool's dress, but however, I'll go and fetch it, if you'll be my substitute till I return.* The man thought this very comical, and declared he would. Shuter then took his hat and cane, went away, and did not return at all.

An impertinent fellow, who was a stranger to Lord Guilford, asked him, in the pit of the opera, who that plain lady was, immediately before him?—That lady said the noble lord, is my wife. It is true, that she is a plain woman. I am a plain man. You, I perceive, are a plain dealer; and that is the plain truth.—Related to me by the Earl of C——

A man going along a maitiff ran at him, and he stabbed the dog with a *spear*: the master of the animal brought him before the justice, who asked why he did not strike him with the but end of his weapon—"So I should *had he ran at me with his tail.*"

A Coalman brought a sack of coals to a woman's house, and stole a frying pan; afterwards, meeting her, asked her if the coals were good—"You are the best judge, (said she,) when yon have any thing to fry,"

A gentleman riding through a river which he supposed deep, bid his servant go before. - But he, to shew his politeness, replied, I never will be guilty of so much ill manners, pray, sir, do you cross over first.

LORD M, remarkable for his eccentricity and brutal manner of expressing himself on all occasions, which had procured him the nick name of surly Bob, being at the point of death exclaimed, I'll be damn'd if I am not dying!—During his sickness, his wife, daughter and some female relations, coming to ask the state of his health, could not refrain from weeping; on which, in a passion, he roared out to his nurse, *turn out all those snivelling bitches except Kate!* the lady distinguished by this delicate preference was his daughter, Lady K. L.

An Irishman speaking of suicide said, the only way to stop it was, by making it a capital offence, punishable with death.

An Irishman angling in the rain, was observed to keep his line under the arch of a bridge; upon being asked the reason, he gave the following answer: By Jasus all the fishes will be after crouding there, in order to keep out of the wet.

In a great storm at sea, when all expected to be cast away, they went to prayers ; in the midst of their devotion, a boy falls a laughing. The captain asked him what he meant by it ? Why, truly, sir, said he, I laugh at that man's fiery nose there, to think what a hissing it will make by and by, when it comes into the water.

When Mrs. Goodall first appeared in breeches at Drury-lane Theatre, with Mrs. Jordan, there was a dispute betwixt the ladies which had the handsomest legs ; the disputants appealed to a literary gentlemen present, who, from motives of delicacy, would not subscribe to the opinion of either, but prudently said, Mrs. Goodall's were too long, and Mrs. Jordan's too short, and, for his part, he should like something *between* both.

A London rider, at Exeter, left his dog in the stable by his horse. The yard dog took offence at him, and beat him ; upon which the former dog set out for London, and brought down another dog of his acquaintance, to revenge his cause. — *A fact.*

An honest tar hired a horse to carry him a few miles but before he had gone many yards, he found he possessed the usual *excellencies* of the unfortunate four-footed hirelings of the road, such as blindness, lameness, stumbling, &c. &c. The sailor, however (having been unshipped twice with very little ceremony in the length of half a mile, by the creature falling on its knees) hit upon a very whimsical mode of curing the impediment, which was by tying a large stone to the tail, and in that state rode it several miles, swearing, " shiver his timbers, but it was the only thing to prevent the ship's going too much a head."

When Lord Townsend was Viceroy of Ireland, his butler, in preparing the cloth for a choice festival, was unlucky enough to break a dozen of china plates, of a rare and beautiful pattern. "You blockhead," cried his Lordship, meeting him presently after, with another dozen in his hand, "how did you do it?"—Upon my soul, my Lord, they happened to fall just so," replies the fellow, and instantly dashed them into a thousand pieces.——*Related by Lady T.*

The following ludicrous, though true circumstance, happened last week: Mr. C——n, of Chigwell, in Essex, sent a fine hare to his friend in London; the man by whom it was sent, having occasion, stopped at an alehouse near Stratford, called for a pint of beer, and went backwards; in the mean time the landlord cruelly killed his cat, and put it into the basket in lieu of the hare, which he concealed; the man pursued his journey, sent in the basket, was called in himself, and asked if he had stopped on the road? He answered in the affirmative, and the mystery was cleared up. He received a reward, with thanks to his master for the intended present. He marched back with the cat, called again at the pot-house, where he found only the servant girl and a pot boiling; he called for another pint, and sent the girl for a penny-worth of tobacco; in the mean time he took a fine piece of beef out of the pot, and put in the cat.

I cut this out of a newspaper, and have been assured by Mr. H. Member for the county of E—x, it is a fact.

An Irish servant being struck by his master, cried out devil take me if I am certain whether he has killed me or no; but if am dead it will afford me great satisfaction to hear the old rogue was hanged for killing me.

Some men and their wives, who all lived on the same side of the street, being merry-making at a neighbours house : said one of the husbands, it's reported that all the men in our row are cuckolds, but one. Soon after his wife being thoughtful, what makes you sad, my dear ? said he, I hope you are not offended at what I said. " No," said she, " I'm only considering who that one can be."

An honest bluff country farmer, meeting the parson of the parish in a bye-lane, and not giving him the way so readily as he expected : the parson, with an erected crest, told him, that he was better fed than taught. *Very true indeed,* replied the farmer ; *for you teach me, and I feed myself.*

A poor man in *Sussex*, who was deemed very skilful in prognostications about the weather, was asked by a petty-fogging lawyer, *When the sun would change ? When such a wicked lawyer as you goes to Heaven,* answered the poor fellow.

A country gentleman riding down Cornhill, his horse stumbled, and threw him at a shop door ; the mistress whereof being a pleasant woman, and seeing there was no hurt done, asked him whether his horse used to serve him so ? Yes, said he, whenever he comes to the door of a cuckold : Lord, Sir, said she, I would advise you to go back again, for you will have a hundred falls else, before you come to the top of Cheapside.

Captain Christie, an Irish officer, who served with considerable credit in America, had the misfortune to be dreadfully wounded in one of the battles there. As he lay on the ground, an unfortunate soldier who

was near him, and also much wounded, made a terrible howling, when he exclaimed, " D—n your noise, what do you think noboby is *killed* but yourself ! "

Parsons the Player, going to visit Edwin one day, was told by the maid-servant he was not at home, tho' he knew he was; a few days after Edwin went to see Parsons, who, hearing his voice called out that he was not within—"Then (said Edwin) don't I hear your voice?" To which Parsons replied—"You are an impudent fellow; *I beleived your maid, and you will not believe me.*

An English man of war falling in with a Frenchman on a cruize, all hands prepared to engage; one more pious than his comrades, just when the English were about to pour a broadside, dropped on his knees and with hands lifted towards heaven exclaimed, *For what we are going to receive the Lord make us thankful.*

A proud parson and his man riding over a common, saw a peasant, and, having a new coat on, the parson asked him, in a haughty manner, who gave him that coat; "the same (said the shepherd) that cloath'd you—the *parish*".—The Parson nettled at this, rode on murmuring a little away, and then bid his man go back and ask the peasant if he would come and live with him, for he wanted a *fool*; the man went and deliv'ed the message, and concluded, as he was ordered, that his master wanted a *fool*;—"Why are you going away then?"—"No;" answered the other.—"Then you may tell your master that his living cannot maintain three of us.

On speaking of a very bad man just dead, concluded with, "Well, let us say no more about him, he is now

Not dead and at rest:" *No faith*, cried a by stander, *not at rest unless the devil's dead also.*

Three gentlemen being at a tavern, whose names were *Moore*, *Strange*, and *Wright* : says the last, there is but one cuckold in company. that's *Strange*, said one, "Yes, (answered *Strange*,) there is one *Moore*," "Aye, (said *Moore*,) that's *Wright*."

Fawcett, the player, having called for tobacco-pipes at a tavern, the waiter brought some, and in laying them down, broke most of them. Fawcett swore a great oath that they were made of the same metal with the commandments—"Why so," says *SUET*, "*because they are so soon broken.*"

The noted Dick E——, the sharper, arrived one evening at an inn at Exeter; by his manners his purse was well garnished. "Come, (said he to the landlord,) good cheer, and a good fire after supper;" he was shewn to an excellent bed. After digesting his stratagem he rose in the middle of the night, and by a trap door he had looked for, and seen by day, he ascended to the roof of the house, and hiding his breeches in an unsearchable corner, he returned to bed; on the morning he ordered the servant to make a brisk fire, mean time he searched for his breeches. "My body, (said he,) do I dream? Where are my breeches?" In time all the family was summoned, the whole house was searched; but still no breeches. All the time Dick amused himself with exclamations—Has the devil taken my breeches? this is the most amazing thing that I ever met with: "the landlord enters, a new search is begun, the house is turned topsy-turvy; but still no breeches. After an thorough search, Dick said to the landlord,

* You know that I did not come here without *breeches*; what I regret the most is the loss of twenty guineas in them; summon your servants; put them to the question." At last Dick exclaimed—"What is to be done? I do not wish to bring you into court, though I should certainly be believed on my word. If we go to law it will cost you very dear; but I have compassion on you, and willing to lose, give me ten or twelve guineas and a new pair of breeches, and I am gone." The landlord glad to be so off, gave him what he ask'd, and they parted well pleas'd with each other.

A woman driving along some milch asses along Fleet Street one morning, a fellow called out—"There goes the mother of asses;"—"Ah my dear Son!" answered she; he took the hint, and felt his ears grow as he walked along.

An *Irishman* having a looking-glass in his hand, shut his eyes, and placed it before his face; another asking him, Why he did so? *upon my shoul*, says Teague, *it is to see how I look when I am a-sleep.*

A handsome young gentleman, having married an extremely ugly lady, who was very rich, was asked by his friends, how he could think of marrying so ordinary a woman? *Looke ye*, said he, *I bought her by weight, and paid nothing for fashion.*

A sailor, in the heat of an engagement, took his wounded comrade down to the surgeon, the fellow on his way lost his head;—"why (says the surgeon) do you bring me a man without a head?"—"Zounds! (says the sailor,) he told me he had only lost his leg; he was always a *lying dog.*"

A young lady with a good fortune, having bestowed herself on a wild young fellow ; *Well*, says the old lady her aunt, *for all you are so eager to have him you'll have your belly full of him in a little time I'll warrant you.*

A countryman was sent to the post office for letters for his master, a foreign one was given him, and two shillingsask'd—"Can you take no less for that bit of paper, (says he,) I can buy as big a bit for a half-penny;" being laugh'd at, and not able to mend his bargain, he stole another letter to make amends; coming home, he told his master the story, and presented the two letters; but being desired to return the other—"No, no; (says he,) I'll send it to my mother, who has not heard from me a long while."

An Irishman being in a storm at sea, ran to the Captain and desired he would let him lock up his goods in some place of safety; the Captain, seeing him a poor fellow, ask'd him what goods he had—"Arrah, honey! (says Teagre,) I have got a knife, tobacco box, and a pair of gold coloured buckles; and pray lock 'em up fast, that if we should be cast away I may know where to find them."

A young puppy of an officer striking a tall grenadier for some supposed fault in his evolutions, was unable to reach any higher than his legs: the grenadier, upon this infantine assault, very gravely took off his cap, and holding it over the officer, by the tip, and said,—*"Sir, if you were not my officer I would extinguish you."*

One Easter Monday an arch rogue meeting a blind woman, who was crying puddings and pies, took her by the arm, and said—"Come along with me dame, I

am going to Tothill Fields, where this holliday time, you may chance to meet with good custom.—“Thank ye kindly, Sir;” (said she,) whereupon he conducted her to St. Margaret’s Church, and plac’d her in the middle aisle—“Now (says he) you are in Moorfields,” which believing to be true, cried out “hot puddings and pies, all hot, &c.” which caus’d the congregation to burst out into a loud laughter; and the clerk came and told her she was in church. “You are a lying son of a whore;” which so enrag’d him that he dragg’d her out, cursing her all the while; nor did she believe till the organ began to play.

A gentleman took a clown for his servant, who was a sleepy dog, and going to visit a friend, alighted at the gate of the house, and desired *Martin*, his servant, to hold his horse. He was no sooner gone than *Martin*, holding the bridle in his hand, fell asleep; a soldier passing by took an affection for the horse, slipped the bridle over his head, and left it in *Martin*’s hand, mounted and set off full gallop. After awhile *Martin* awaked, and, stupified with surprise, exclaimed—“*I am either Martin or I am not; if I am Martin I have lost a horse but if I am not Martin I have found a bridle*”

A young man having an amorous intercourse with the wife of a taylor, being with her one evening, the husband came home, and the lover, by his mistress’s advice, hid himself in the pig-stye; the pigs not liking it began a great noise; and the taylor going to near the lover began to grunt, as instructed by the lady; the taylor, thinking the sound unusual, said—“In the name of God what art thou?” upon which the lover cried out—“*I am a poor pig* :” at which, the taylor thinking it was a devil, was so terrified that he ran out of the house, which gave the lover an opportunity to retreat.

A traveller, in the Highlands, enquiring at an Inn what there was to eat, mine host answered—"nothing but eggs;" the traveller replied—"Have you any of that fine salt meat you gave me six days ago; I never eat any thing I liked so well." A little child, son of the Innkeeper, instantly exclaimed—"It would cost us, dear father—if one of *our horses* died every week.

A merry fellow came to an inn very cold and wet, and the kitchen fire was so thronged that there was no getting to it: he called to the Hostler to give his horse a peck of oysters—"You mean a peck of oats, Sir—"No; *I say a peck of oysters;*" the hostler obeys his commands; all the people ran to see the horse eat oysters by which he got the warmest seat; they returning like fools, the man brings word his horse will not eat oysters—"No; (says he) then bring them to me, and I'll eat 'em for him."

A native of Dublin having hired a horse, who being very restive, had almost kicked the servant, who in a rage, took up a stone to throw at the horse: but, aiming too high, hit his master, who, thinking the horse had kicked him, exclaimed—"Curse the horse, what a kick he has given me on the back."

Captain Porter, a gay officer in Frazier's regiment, fell in love with a sprightly young lady at Henley upon Thames, and married her. Being in lodgings sometime after at a village in that neighbourhood, they hired a very pretty maid; and as they were all young, and had but little to do, they were wont to divert the time in romping, without any exception, till one day the mistress bolting open the chamber door a little too abruptly discovered Betty and her master more familiar together

than she had reason to desire they should continue; but bridling her passion, she pulled to the door, and instantly withdrew. The girl, as soon as she could recover herself from her disabille, hastened after her mistress, and in a violent agitation, madam, said she, I desire you would take warning, for I would not live with my master for the king's ransom: there never was so rude a man born; he's always pulling one about, or swearing at one. Well, well, Bett, said the mistress, who could not help smiling, moderate your passions, and if he pulls you about, you pull him again, and if you pull him a-days, I'll pull him a-nights, and I warrant you we'll tame him between us.

A gentleman talking of the four elements, expressed great admiration of the creation of water. Lord, sir, said a merry lady, there's nothing so very curious in that, for I can make water.

A young lady of pretty high spirit, who was just about entering into the marriage state, told her gallants, that she could never bring herself to say Obey, and was resolved she would not. When the ceremony was performing, and she was to repeat the word, she was for mincing the matter, and cried, Honour and Bey; nay, madam, said the parson, you must say, Obey, I can't say you are married, if you do not speak the words as the office directs; but still she would only say as she had done; and the parson again reproving her. Let her alone, Doctor, said her husband, let her only say Bey, if she has a mind to it now, and I'll make her cry O! at night.

A gentleman riding through a dirty lane, where his horse could hardly get on through the mire, met a pea-

sant, and asked him the way to such a place. "Straight forward, (said he,) you cannot go out of your way."—
"Faith I fear so, (said the gentleman,) I wish I could."

A country Squire asked a merry andrew why he play'd the fool—"For the same reason (said he) that *you do* out of want; you do it for want of wit, and I for want of money."

A good-humoured wife, abusing her husband on his mercenary disposition, told him, that if she was dead, he would marry the devil's eldest daughter, if he could get any thing by it. That's true, replied the husband, but the worst of it is, one can't marry two sisters.

A girl big with child had two gallants, one with a wooden leg; the question was put, which, he who had the wooden leg, offered to decide it thus—"If the child (says he) comes into the world with a wooden leg, it is mine, if not it must be your's."

A noted sharper seeing a country gentleman sit alone at an inn, and thinking something might be made of him sat near him, and took the liberty to drink to him: thus having introduced himself he called for a paper of tobacco, and said—"Sir do you *smoke*;"—"Yes, (says the gentleman very gravely,) *any one that has a design upon me.*"

Rigaud was painting a fine woman: when he came to her mouth, he perceived that she endeavoured to make it appear smaller by contracting it with some violence. "Madam, (said the painter,) you need not take so much trouble in contracting your mouth, for if it is your pleasure, the picture shall have *no mouth at all.*"

FINIS.

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